1: Jenness--115 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 857

"The children have even less to do. [AW: in mid-winter] They run about outside, throwing each other in the snow, or playing hide and seek, or building miniature snow walls and snow houses. One of them, perhaps, will carve out a block in the shape of a rabbit and the rest will decapitate it. Every now and then a child will run inside to help itself to a little food from the table, then go off again to visit some other house or to resume its play outdoors."

2: Stefansson--255
857, 117

(1908-12) 1914

Copper Eskimo

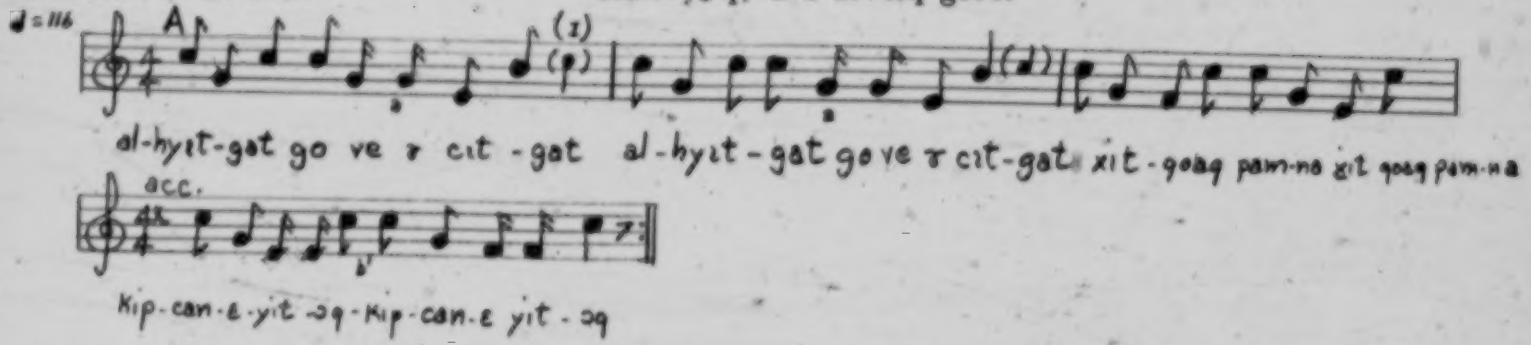
"Tannaumiq knows the names of about a third of the flowers we have seen here this summer. A purple flower is called itqiloyaq (means literally: image, picture, effigy, representation on a reduced scale, of an Indian).... and it was former practice at Kittegaryuit for small boys to chase around all day with bow shouting 'itkillirk ūvva!' when one was found, and competing to see who could shoot it down first with arrow, encouraged in this by elders as 'long ago we used to fight the Itkilliks.'"

6: Roberts and Jenness--297 (1914-1916) 1925 Copper Eskimo-1
116, 533, 857

No. 85.
Record IVC. 85c.

AN OLD CHANT.

Kăneyɔq, a Puivtiq girl.



"1. The chant is repeated four times. 'C' is substituted for 'B', where indicated in the first two measures, at every repetition. Each time, at the last measure, there is a slight 'accelerando,' with a return to 'a tempo' on the new start. It is peculiar that the sharp 'E's" of the last two measures, in close association with true 'F's", are constant with every repetition."

6: Roberts and Jenness--297 (1914-1916) 1925 Copper Eskimo-2
116, 533, 857

This little chant is the children's refrain.... Children's songs are very rare among the Copper Eskimos.

Its two phrases are repeated four times with slight variations, but the phrases themselves are only two measures in length, really sections. The larger structure appears to be entirely regular but minor variations in the melody and in actual note values or rhythm disturb the regularity somewhat. See the footnote to the music. The beginning of the tune is on the tonic, down beat, and the end is on the same tone."[MC: technical song analysis omitted.]

I know of only one source for this material that is used at the present time by the Copper Eskimo, Port Epworth at the mouth of Tree River in Coronation Gulf where the talc chlorite schist occurs as an inclusion in the granite. It is very coarse in texture, and of a pale grey colour, as can be seen in unused specimens or by fracturing an old one.

Nevertheless, there seem once to have been other sources. An old woman who lived at the east end of Coronation Gulf told me that long ago her people used to make lamps and pots from stone obtained in a quarry on Rae River. An early explorer, John Rae, did find soapstone at the fall 10 miles from the mouth of this river,[1] but only in thin beds, which might explain why the Eskimo ceased to use this source. Then again, I purchased from a Coronation Gulf native a little toy lamp of typical Copper Eskimo shape (Figure 50), which was certainly not made from the Port Epworth soapstone, for it is much finer in texture and of a pale green colour. In the same region I obtained also an unfinished implement, resembling an imitation lance-head, which was made from a very similar soapstone, but is yellowish green. Finally, from the west coast of Hudson Bay, probably from Chesterfield Inlet, the museum has a toy lamp (IV.C.165) that resembles in colour, texture, and graining the green toy lamp bought in Coronation Gulf; in shape and dimensions the two are practically identical except that the Hudson Bay specimen has no shelf. Morley E. Wilson, of the Geological Survey, Canada, expressed the opinion that these lamps almost certainly came from the same quarry, because this type of soapstone is exceedingly rare in Canada, and that the implement like a lance-head was also derived from the same locality. It is worth noting that there are deposits of soapstone near the mouth of Back River.

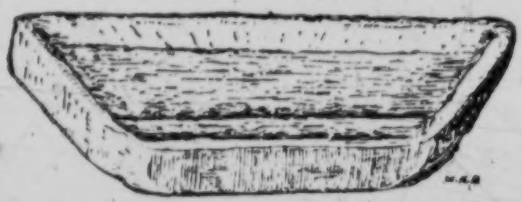


Figure 50. Toy-lamp, of pale green soapstone. IV.D.612. 1/1.

Up to a few years ago natives from Dolphin and Union Strait in the west to Amundsen Gulf in the east often migrated to the Port Epworth quarry in the spring of the year in order to manufacture their own lamps and pots. Each family usually made more vessels than it required for its own use in order to have some for barter when it returned home the following autumn or winter.

Women and children often fashioned the smaller lamps and pots. The larger ones were the work of the men, although once they were finished and handed over to the housewife they became her exclusive property. No special skill was required; children 10 years of age could make small lamps just as good as those made by their elders. A little more care was necessary in working at a pot, because the rock, though soft, was somewhat brittle, and the walls and bottom had to be comparatively thin; but even this was not beyond the ability of a child, as it required patience rather than technical skill. With his crude copper tools a native could quarry out his block and make the largest lamp that was ever used in about 3 days, and the largest pot in no more than a day longer; iron tools, of course, appreciably lessened the time. First, he chiselled

[1] Richardson, Sir John: Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land, vol. I, p. 312. London, 1851

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few more miles. Even the little children had work to do, for this harvest season would last only until May, when the breaking up of the sea-ice would drive the natives from their sealing to fish and hunt caribou on the land.

It was time now to decide what my own movements should be during the summer months, and I suggested to Ikpuck that I might join his train to Victoria Island, taking my own outfit. The old man was delighted with the plan, and, having no children of his own, formally adopted me into his family, which consisted of himself and his wife Icehouse, Sculpin or Jennie, Icehouse's daughter by a former marriage, and an adopted nephew named Knife-Blade. The Runner, a married son of Icehouse, intended to join the party; probably also two or three families of near kinsmen. The entire band would assemble on the ice within the next three or four weeks, when Ikpuck would send word to me at the station. In the meantime I could travel east with Cox, who needed a companion and a dog-team for surveying a portion of the coast-line.

The short trip with Cox was a pleasant change from constant association with the Eskimos; it was like moving from one world into another. Yet we could not avoid the natives entirely. Two families were hunting large bearded seals in a bay a few miles east of our station, and a small band had camped near Cape

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ing my brief absence. It was now mid-April, and the natives were travelling in easy stages toward the land, allowing a few days between each migration for the women and children to freight forward the pokes of blubber and the men to resume their sealing. All the families had adopted skin tents in place of snow-houses, or, if their tents were still cached on the coast, they roofed circular walls of snow with the skins of caribou and musk-oxen. The camp was mottled with clothing, suspended from sticks, to dry in the warm sun; and at every little snow-flurry the women rushed from the tents to beat the light flakes from each garment before they melted and spoiled the fur. Night and day had merged into one another, the sun disappearing for one hour only at midnight; and the temperature remained fairly constant around 15°F., except at noon, when it mounted at times to the freezing-point.

The younger women, who were as well versed as the men in the peculiar habits of the seal, often went out with the hunters to escape the monotonous care of clothes and blubber. Each seal appeared to have its special territory, like a bird in the nesting season; and every half-hour or so it came to the surface to breathe. In summer, with open water all around, it rose at any place; but when the sea froze in the autumn it could reach the atmosphere only by breaking through the thin sheet of ice that covered its domain. The breathing-holes made at that season remained open

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kinsman Ikpuck. For the rest, he was an energetic hunter, a good sealer, and a very skilful fisherman, qualities that rank high in an Eskimo community. His marriage yielded him no children, but his wife, whose first husband had died a few years earlier, brought a fourteen-year-old son in her train.

Even the children had many little duties to perform in this our last camp on the sea-ice, while the fathers hunted seals and caribou, and the mothers sorted out the household things they intended to leave on the coast, or filled the pokes of blubber they were storing away for the autumn months. Each family had two pokes that weighed, when full, between three hundred and four hundred pounds, and our most pressing task for the moment was to dispose of them. Most people would have found it very unpleasant to cram a bag with oily seal blubber; but the women, accustomed to the task from childhood, merely put on their oldest clothes, rolled up the coat-sleeves, and buried their arms in the greasy mass without the slightest hesitation.

Not all the oil that exuded from the blubber found its way into the pokes. The women rubbed some of it over their faces to mitigate the effect of sunburn, and recommended the same treatment for my own weather-beaten countenance. Sunburn hardly seemed credible when the temperature of the atmosphere remained constantly below the freezing-point; but the sun now shone throughout the twenty-four hours of

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221 Lake of Dancing, where we hoped to meet the Tormiat
133 natives from the Great Sound. It was famous not on account of its size—it was even smaller than the lake we had just left—nor for its abundance of fish; but because it lay near the watershed on the highway to the Great Sound, and was encircled by many larger lakes that provided good fishing until midsummer.
[361] We set up our tents on one of several old camp-sites around its margin, and settled down to await the Tormiat.

221 During the next six days we scoured all the hills around us, discovering a few caribou, but no natives save two families that had separated from us on the ice a month before. On every excursion we were joined by Leaf, The Runner's wife, who had borrowed her husband's .22 rifle to shoot at ptarmigan. I lent her my own rifle on one occasion when we were stalking a herd of caribou, and she killed a magnificent bull,
[251] the finest we saw on Victoria Island. The other women devoted all their time to fishing, and to drying and caching the meat and fish that began to accumulate in camp.

132 Spring was now advancing rapidly; so much snow had melted from the hill-sides that sledding would soon be impossible. At times the temperature rose above 40° F., though it dropped below the freezing-point
136 again at evening. Ptarmigan were mating in every
857 hollow, and the children launched many an arrow at them with little success.

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BREAD FROM THE WATERS

A T-shaped lake larger than most of the lakes in the vicinity was the site of our next camp. We deposited our packs on its shore and went out on the ice to fish.

Ikpuck and I dug holes, but Icehouse wandered over to a sun-lit pool at one corner and dropped in her line. It hooked a trout even before it touched bottom, and in the space of four hours she drew from this one spot twenty-nine trout and two salmon, although Ikpuck and I, who dug holes not a hundred yards behind her, caught only ten trout between us. It may have been the sunlight alone that attracted the fish; more probably the stream that rushed down the neighbouring slope washed many insects into the pool and made it an unusually rich feeding-ground.

My family thoroughly enjoyed the solitude and freedom of our new camping-place, where we could come and go, eat and sleep, as fancy moved us. The children, Jennie and Knife-Blade, counted this period a holiday, and when fishing grew monotonous, stripped off their clothes and splashed in the water, or snared the longspurs and sandpipers, or shot at ptarmigan with their bows and arrows. Sometimes they vanished for several hours, and returned in the early morning, while we were sleeping, merely to eat and rest before their next excursion. Their parents imposed no restraints on them and exacted no duties. Whenever they were absent, and Icehouse wanted to cook, Ikpuck, forgetting the pride of a hunter, would fill

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of sealskin, over which was lashed a pair of stout cords of twisted sinew. It was the sinew that gave the weapon its spring, for the frame was merely driftwood picked up on the beach, or spruce of the poorest quality. Such crude materials, added to crude workmanship, made the balance very uneven, so that although the maximum range of the weapon was about one hundred and twenty-five yards, its effective range hardly exceeded twenty-five. Indeed, I have seen The Listener miss a caribou that passed not more than fifteen yards away.

While the adults amused themselves at archery beside the camp the children played their own games on the slope above. They set up fences of turf to enclose fictitious caribou, and dug shallow pits from which to shoot their arrows; or they marked out a line of snow-huts with pebbles, and filled the dance-house with imaginary singers. Thus the occupations of the parents were the pastimes of the children, who learned in play their duties of after years.

Twenty-five miles west of the sand-plain, at Bad Creek, we left The Listener's wife to dry our stock of meat, promising to rejoin her before many days; with lightened packs we then pushed on toward Mt. Arrowsmith, camping near a crag of diabase twelve feet high that formed a landmark visible for many miles. Here we encountered a violent snow-storm that continued unabated for two days. We spent the first in our sleep-

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winter months; as soon as they left this place for the sealing-grounds they might sew no more until the sun returned at the end of January. The men brought in the pokes of blubber cached on Read Island six months before, and the carcasses of the caribou shot during the migration just ended; in idle moments they repaired their sealing weapons or helped their wives to scrape the caribou hides.

The monotony of this new life affected the children much more than the adults. Throughout the summer they had shared our hunting and fishing, packed their burdens like the rest of us, and played an active rôle in every enterprise. They had gained a status in those months far beyond their years. Now they were reduced to children again, helpless dependents whose principal duty was to carry messages from one hut to another. Their bows and arrows, which had secured us many a duck and ptarmigan, were useless now that the birds had flown, and their fishing-lines lay idle in the family dunnage-bags, buried away until another spring. Little wonder, then, that they chafed under the confinement and tedium of a sedentary life, where no new playmates, no dances, no visitors from other tribes, breathed fresh life into our humdrum circle. A strange irritability seemed to taint their merry, carefree natures, and they wept over trifles that a month before would have passed unheeded.

Icehouse told Jennie one morning to brush the snow

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from some clothes that were packed in a bag on the house-roof. Jennie refused, and petulantly turned her face to the wall. Her cousin entered the hut, and, seeing his playmate sulking in the corner, jeered at her behind her back; but a backhand that neatly struck his eye changed his jeering to a wail. The indignant Icehouse poked her daughter with a stick until she, too, added her voice to the lamentable chorus. Partnership in grief then brought comfort to both children, who left the hut together and built a common playhouse in the snow outside. Pain alone could not make them weep so readily. I had seen Jennie stumble against a stone and bruise her knee so severely that she limped for two or three days; but when some one asked her if she were hurt she straightened up resentfully and marched ahead without a tear.

Even I grew restless at our inactivity. Bernard Harbour seemed so near across the strait, and for seven months I had heard no word of English, and received no news of my comrades on the expedition. In clear weather we could see the Liston and Sutton Islands on the horizon, and the station lay only twelve miles beyond. The dark streaks in the sky that reflected open water had disappeared, and a short excursion seaward revealed no wide cracks or unsafe places in the solid ice. Conditions might be different between the islands and the mainland, but Ikpuck thought that I could make the passage without danger.

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gave place to incantations, and shaman after shaman sent forth his spirit to seek the dread sea-goddess at the bottom of the ocean and force her to relent. Temporary lulls in the storms drove every hunter to the sealing-grounds; on calm days they left the settlement two or three hours before dawn and returned in the darkness. As the dogs dragged the booty into the passageways the children threw themselves on the seal carcasses and poured water into their mouths to please their spirits and induce other seals to rise to the hunters' harpoons. Dolphin and Union Strait was one of the richest sealing-grounds along the Arctic coast, and the natives with whom we camped escaped any dire privations this winter; but in Coronation Gulf, as we learned afterward, many Eskimos ate the sealskin covers of their bows, and some old people perished through the hardships they were compelled to endure.

The storms were responsible for other tragedies. A boy of about six years, the only son of a strange, priest-like individual whom we knew as "The Prophet," was blown from the roof of a snow-hut during a gale, breaking his thigh just above the knee. The father, aided by an elderly medicine-man, set the leg in short splints bound round with a caribou hide. As soon as I heard of the accident I offered to take the lad to our station, where we would care for him

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they were making their one final appeal. What had my "spirit" answered? What could it answer? When trouble came upon them, as it surely must, and they cried to me for help, would they think me ungrateful if no help came? At last I turned to Icehouse and said, "Sometimes, you know, it is not possible to help." And she answered sadly, "Yes. There are many evil spirits surrounding us, and sometimes no help is possible."

I finished the packing of my specimens before the end of June, and since the heavy ice in the strait would prevent our sailing for at least two weeks, I thought I might travel down to Cape Krusenstern for a farewell view of some Eskimos who were still fishing in the various streams. Patsy was to accompany me, and, with the consent of Ikpuck and Icehouse, I invited Jennie to go with us. She danced with glee at the prospect. Without further delay, we rolled up our packs, loaded two dogs with extra provisions, and marched away over the tundra.

Jennie was the merriest of companions, and the most useful. She laughed when the dogs chased a sandpiper, she laughed when she stumbled over a niggerhead. Her laughter was infectious, and no merrier party ever tramped those northern meadows. She was only twelve years of age, or thirteen at the most, with all a child's love of play and pastime; yet already she knew some of the responsibilities of her sex, and at the

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857 end of each day's march insisted on performing all the duties that her mother would have undertaken in the [372] same circumstances. She gathered fuel for our campfire while Patsy and I put up the tent, and she superintended, as far as she knew how, the cooking of the [291] evening meal. Then she dried our marching boots [296] (for we changed to slippers each evening), and, before breakfast, patched any holes that the stones might have [224] cut in their soles the day before. She shot an eider [226] duck along the way with Patsy's rifle, and if we had needed fish would have contrived some means of catching them, where Patsy and I might have failed. Altogether, her education was remarkably adapted to the country in which she lived, even though the three R's were not included in the curriculum.

231 There now befell us an accident, of a kind that in an Arctic winter often leads to serious disaster, but in our circumstances caused only embarrassment. One of our two dogs, prowling with its pack beside a cliff, became wedged in a crevice, and in trying to extricate itself lacerated its foot on a sharp rock. I bandaged the wound with a strip of skin and lightened the animal's load, but it was so crippled that it could hardly keep pace with us. We could not abandon it, nor, if we remained with it, could we hope to reach our destination. To our great relief, however, we found two families of Eskimos camping at the mouth of a small creek, who promised to take charge